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The Red Handed Killer









Chapter 1 by Gabbathehutt

I was walking slower than ever before. I knew someone had been following me. That Michael Jackson song popped into my head. "I always feel like somebody's watching me", I sang aloud. Suddenly a potato sack came down in front of my face, cutting off the circulation to my brain. I heard a voice say in a New Jersey accent, "Your comin with me bub."

Chapter 2 by intellikat

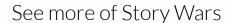


It was odd, because the sack didn't actually go over my head, but just in front of my face. And where did this guy get a potato sack anyway? I mean, who bought potatoes by the sack; in bulk? I didn't even know where you would find such a thing. These were the thoughts that went through my mind as my I lost consciousness-- I frequently lost consciousness when things were placed in front of my face, and my assailant must have known this. He also must have know I was terrified of New Jersey, the armpit of America.

When I woke, there I was in New Jersey. Disgusting. Some back room of a grocery store chain or something, which would perhaps explain the potato sack. A familiar voice spoke.

"Alright, bub. You're mine now. You'll be working second shift. Put on that store apron and report to the customer service counter. Ask for Bobsie. Do a good job today and I'll move you off stock. Do a bad job, and you'll be mopping blood off the floor of the storage containers. Capiche?"

I nodded.



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up after a broken tomato sauce jar when a girl suddenly spoke. She was wearing a store apron like me.

"Hey. Working Day and Night?"

"What?"

"The song."

She had recognised the tune I was humming.

"Yeah, that's right."

"That song is oooooold."

"Sure is. But still good."

"I'm Carly. What's your name?"

I paused. "Chad. Chad Stenkerbeem."

"Well, Chad Stenkerbeem. How about a smoke break?"

"Um. I don't smoke. I'm straight-edge, you know."

"Yeah you are. With a stupid name like that."

"Excuse me?"

"Relax, Wankerbean. I'll do the smoking; you just talk to me, okay? I'm totally bored."

I shrugged, and followed Carly out the back to the breakroom, where an open door flooded in the night air.

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